Brought to Book at Last.

Tibbie was a Scotch lass, hardworking and comely. She ruled over a grateful and suppressed family of New Englanders for eight years, and then announced her intention of marrying within six weeks.

"I suppose it is Rab whom you mean to marry, Tibbie?" asked her nominal mistress, referring to a tall, mild faced young Scotchman who had spent more or less time in Tibbie's spotless kitchen for the last three years.

"It is," announced Tibbie calmly. "Here he's been coming and sitting wi' me all these times and never a word o' merrying. So at long last I said to him, 'If you've no mind to tak me, Rab, ye can jist say so, and I'll spend nae more on bright ribbons to sit up wi' ye, but I'll tak' my money to buy one of those talking machines that plays tunes, after I've paid for a strip o' new oilcloth to cover the floor where you've worn out the old one, and then I'll tak' my releegious books and settle down in quiet.'

"Rabbie was so concerned at my drear prospects and the thoughts o' my savings he said he would ha'e me whenever I got ready."

Shooting Down the Alps on Skees.

The quest for a moral is provoked by a long list of skeeing accidents in the Alps. In itself the exercise can hardly be considered more perilous than skating, though the proportion of sprained ankles and twisted tendons is higher, but when the skeer skees a distance from his base and ventures upon unfamiliar ground there are at least three ways in which calamity is liable to befall him. On a glacier he may break through the snow bridge which he is trying to shoot and be buried in a crevasse. On the hillside he may skee violently down a steep place and, unable to arrest his pace, end by skeeing over a precipice. Almost anywhere, unless he knows the signs, he may skee in the tracks of an avalanche and be overwhelmed. Examples of each of these several kinds of disaster have lately been presented, and each of the disasters conveys a warning of which amateur skeers, whose name nowadays is legion, would do well to take a careful note.—London Graphic.

Sufficiently Identified.

She walked into a branch bank on upper Broadway and pushed a check through the paying teller's window.

"You will have to be identified," said he. "I don't know you, madam."

"You don't, eh?" said the woman, with fire in her eye. "Aren't you the father of the Smith family that has a flat in the Pileremin apartments?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well, I am the red headed janitress that your wife's always complaining about. When you left home this morning I heard you say: 'Emily, if our children get fighting with that old fury in the basement don't quarrel with her. Wait till I get home and let me talk with her.' Now, if you think you can get the best of an argument with"—

"Here's your money, madam," said the paying teller. And she took it and went.—Everybody's Magazine.

Where Lincoln Put the Whetstone.

A soldier at whose house when a boy Lincoln paused in his tramps in Illinois and who lent him a whetstone to sharpen his jackknife met him during the war in Washington. Lincoln remembered the incident and spoke of the use of the whetstone.

"Ya-a-s," drawled out the old soldier, "whatever did you do with the whetstone? I never could find it. We 'lowed mebbe you took it along with you." "No, no! I put it on top of the gatepost—that high one." "Mebbe you did. Nobody else could have reached it, and none of us ever thought to look there for it." There it was found where it was placed fifteen years before. The soldier reported the fact to the president.

Why He Wanted a Pass.

When Jim Fisk was in his glory as a railroad magnate one day he was greatly annoyed by people asking for passes over his road for all sorts of reasons. He was well worked up when a seedy looking individual asked for a pass and asked sharply, "On what grounds do you ask for a pass?"

The applicant replied, "Because I do not want to pay my fare."

Fisk called a clerk and said to him: "Give this man a pass to anywhere and return. He is the first man that has told the truth today."—Boston Herald.

A Couple of Bulls.

On the edge of a small river in County Cavan, Ireland, is a stone with this inscription: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is even surpassed by the famous post erected some years ago by the surveyors of the Kent (England) roads: "This is the bridle path to Faversham. If you can't read this you had better keep to the main road."

Natural Fitness.

"My friend," said the man who was getting out of the barber's chair with a slashed cheek, "you have enlightened my mind on a point that has hitherto been a mystery."

"What is that, sir?"

"For the first time I understand why, in former times the village barber was also expected to be the town surgeon."

MEDICAL DELUSIONS

MANY STILL LINGER FROM THE DARK AGES OF CREDULITY.

Superstitions Regarding Remedies For Disease on the Lower East Side In New York—Prescriptions of the Old Time Apothecaries.

An east sider in lower New York suffering from acute rheumatism was taken to the Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital wearing a pair of eels, long defunct and dried, by way of garters. He showed much distress when they were removed by the nurse, being firmly convinced they would cure his rheumatism in time.

The laugh of science to the contrary notwithstanding, medical delusions in surprising number still survive from the ages of faith. Any physician who practices among the poor and ignorant can testify to this, and it is in particular the staff and students of an institution like the Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital, which receives its patients largely from the lower east side, a quarter teeming with variety, who are made to appreciate most fully the extent of superstition regarding remedies for disease.

Italian immigrants are peculiarly interesting in this respect. They frequently attribute stomach trouble to cat's hairs supposed to have been swallowed and persist in eating eggshells to cure it. They also eat snails as a remedy for consumption, though here they are supported by a highly respectable authority—that of "The Accomplished Physician," published in 1656, which declares that snail water, "owing to the cool, clammy and glutinous substance of the snail," is particularly grateful to the consumptive. These Italians use castor oil whenever their feelings become at all excited, either by joy or sorrow, burn rolls of waxed paper in their ears to cure the earache and willingly go through the even more heroic treatment of lighting fires on their bare stomachs when they have dyspepsia.

The trouble with these people is merely that they have not advanced with the times, but are still holding beliefs which are held by the most intelligent and best educated men of a few centuries ago. An apothecary's shop in Queen Elizabeth's time was stocked with things that strike moderns as singular enough, considered as medicine. These were crabs' claws, foxes' lungs, stags' hearts, boars' tusks, sea horses' teeth, elks' hoofs, precious stones in powder, flying fish, tortoises, alligators, dried toads, worms, scorpions and even human mummies. These latter were quite popular as a remedy for epilepsy, vertigo and palsy, besides being supposed to heal wounds and mortifications. Mummy cost 7s. 4d. a pound, or $1.28 in our money, and was a recognized staple of commerce, but, being so expensive, an artificial substitute was invented which is described by Crollius in his "Royal Chemist" as calling for "the carcass of a young man, some say red headed, not dying of disease, but killed." It is probable that this ghastly recipe was responsible for many of the mysterious disappearances common in those thrilling days. Human skulls sold for as much as 11 shillings apiece and were given in the form of a powder, mixed with a little oil.

The most highly esteemed prescriptions of the old time apothecary were those which cost the most and which must needs, therefore, include powdered precious stones. "Gascon's powder" was one of the most costly of these medicaments, being prescribed by the great physicians for their more important patients. It cost 40 shillings ($9.60) an ounce and was made in equal parts of crabs' eyes, pearls, white amber, oriental bezoar and the black tips of crabs' claws.

Precious stones, too, were thought to have much efficacy when worn as amulets. The ruby protected its wearer from plague and pestilence, the amethyst kept a man steady and sober, bloodstones stopped bleeding, the onyx prevented epilepsy, the topaz cured inflammation, the opal strengthened weak eyes, and the emerald prevented foolishness and aided the memory. Concerning the emerald an old writer further testifies: "It takes away vain and foolish fears, as of devils and hobgoblins, folly and anger, and causeth good conditions: if it do so worn about one, reason will tell him that being beaten into powder and taken inwardly it will do much more."

The use of herbs and plants as medicines, of course, agrees with modern practice; but the old physicians made the mistake of considering them as possessing semi-magical properties. It was believed that they were the dwelling places of good and evil spirits which worked their good and evil wills upon those who touched them. The old rhyme says:

> Trefoil, vervain, John's wort, dill
> Hinders witches of their will.

And these four plants had extraordinary reputations in the middle ages for both natural and supernatural powers. The trefoil is common in the United States today, especially in the south, and has certain legitimate medical properties. The vervain is allied to our native verbena and was anciently believed to be effective against all poisons and the venom of serpents, as well as against bewitched drinks and the like. It was also efficacious for witchcraft. Anne Bodenham, the celebrated witch of Salisbury, used to send her pupils into the fields to gather vervain and dill. The sun worshipers of Persia always carried vervain when they approached their altars. They gathered it when there was neither sun nor moon and poured a libation of honey upon the earth in reparation for their robbery. St. John's wort was called "Fuga demonium" in the old days, because it routed evil spirits. It was a common ingredient of magical concoctions and is still gathered with much ceremony by the peasantry of France and Germany when St. John's day (June 24) comes around.

Solomon's seal was another of the wonder working plants, said to be the herb which Solomon used to cure epilepsy by placing it in a ring applied to the nostrils of the patient, from which circumstance arose the popularity of the magical ring or seal that figures in so many eastern tales.

Curious stories are told of the mandrake, a scion of the potato family, the fruit of which used to be called the "love apple" (a name later applied to the tomato), no doubt because to eat of it generously produced temporary insanity. It was much used in love philters to awaken the tender passion, and the most efficacious specimens were obtained from the vicinity of gibbets, where evil doers swung by the neck. There was but one way to gather the mandrake, under pain of death for mistake, since the belief was that it groaned aloud when pulled from the ground and that whoever heard the sound fell dead on the spot. The custom was to fasten a dog by the tail to the plant and beat him until in his struggles he tore up the mandrake by the roots. The person superintending the operation had his ears stopped with pitch and so escaped, but the dog, for which the same precaution was not taken, heard the groan and died.

Extraordinary cures were accomplished by some familiar flowers in the olden times. The anemone was thought by the ancients to be an emblem of disease, and Pliny says that physicians recommended that the first anemone seen in the spring should be picked and concealed in a scarlet cloth until sickness came, requiring that it should be hung around the neck. The juice of the forget-me-not was credited with the power of hardening steel until no metal could resist it. The peony was used by Paeon, the famous physician of ancient Greece, from whom it takes its name, to cure wounds. Demons were supposed always to flee from the spot where it grew.

The elder tree also had some remarkable properties. An old writer declares that "if one travel with two little sticks of elder in his pocket he shall not fret nor pant, let the horse go never so hard." A piece of an elder branch cut out between two knots used to be worn around the neck to cure erysipelas, and in the Tyrol today elder bushes are planted on new graves in the form of a cross, it being believed that they will blossom in due time if the soul formerly inhabiting the body lying underneath has been received into paradise.—New York Tribune.

Whistler Saved Him.

A certain famous English poet whose name the reader must be left to fill in for himself was once threatened with expulsion from a swell London club for dancing a fandango upon the silk hats of other members. James MacNeill Whistler, however, interposed and saved him with his eloquence. One man of genius, Mr. Whistler urged, was worth any number of silk hats, seeing that silk hats could be replaced and men of genius could not. Then and not till then the irate committee reconsidered its decision and accepted the apology which was tendered.

A Clerical Pun.

A complaint was brought before an eminent English bishop that a clergyman in his diocese was wearing an Oxford master's hood when, in fact, he had no such degree. "I call it, my lord," said the complainant, "wearing a lie on his back." "We need not use quite so strong a word, Mr. Smith," the bishop replied in his blandest manner. "Call it a false hood."

Before and After.

She (cuttingly)—There is no doubt about it—marriage does improve a man's politeness. He (surprised)—How so? She (blandly)—Well, you frequently get up and offer me a chair now. Before we were married you never gave me more than half a one.

Where Metal Does Not Rust.

Metal does not rust in Lake Titicaca, South America. A chain, an anchor or any article of iron, if thrown in this lake and allowed to remain for weeks or months, is as bright when taken up as when it came fresh from the foundry.

Still Looking.

He—Five years ago when I saw her she was looking for a husband, but she's married now. She—Yes, and she's still looking for him, especially at nights.

An Example of a Judicial Mind.

At a dinner attended by a score of well known lawyers recently the phrase "judicial mind" was defined by illustration as follows: "I have searched far and wide for a satisfactory definition of the inevitable query raised when judicial nominations are in sight," said one of the lawyers. "On a Mississippi river steamboat some time ago I obtained my only approximate answer. A southern colonel who employed the phrase yielded to my request for a definition and explained that on a certain occasion a legal light of Mississippi was traveling in a river steamer when the boiler exploded. As the boat was passing the penitentiary at the time the force of the explosion deposited the lawyer inside the walls of the establishment from which he had saved so many criminals. Being uninjured, as a clever lawyer would be under the circumstances, he applied to the warden for a release. The warden listened to the circumstances as he narrated them, but declined to release him, insisting that with the coming of prisoners he had no concern, but for their departure he was responsible. He therefore compelled the lawyer to wait for a pardon from the governor. That is my notion of a judicial mind."—New York Post.

The Ball In Lawn Tennis.

It is a curious fact that every book written on lawn tennis cautions the player to keep his eyes on the ball at the moment of striking it, yet there are very few expert players who do so. A rifle shot looks at his target, a bowler looks at the pins, and a billiard player generally looks at the object ball, not the cue ball. I have found it next to impossible to carry in my mind, while moving rapidly to play a flying ball, the exact height of the net, the direction of the lines of my opponent's court and his position, so that it has become second nature with me and with most other players to look up in the direction that the ball is to go before it actually leaves the racket. It is principally because the reverse of this is necessary in golf that lawn tennis players have so much trouble in mastering the old Scotch game. From tennis habit they take their eyes off the ball too soon for golf success.—J. Parmly Paret in Country Life In America.

The Floor of the Pacific.

The red clay which covers the deep floors of the Pacific and the Indian oceans is made up of refuse and residue—that which can withstand the strong chemical action of the gases. In it may be found decomposed volcanic rock, pumice, zeolitic crystals, manganese oxides, meteoric iron, teeth of sharks and ear bones of whales. Few if any shore deposits are apparent in it. The rock is vitreous refuse, belched forth by subterranean or insular volcanoes. The minerals are supposed to be of cosmic origin—planetary dust and meteoric fragments that have fallen into the sea and have become disintegrated. The great quantity of sharks' teeth remains quite unaccounted for—at least their apparent gathering together in these ocean basins is considered very strange.—J. C. Van Dyke in "The Opal Sea."

A Missing Five Franc Piece.

Fully half the grownup people of France believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs in a silver five franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation. They say that the people did not want the five franc piece and that in order to create a demand for it Napoleon resorted to the device mentioned. The check or treasury order, it is said, was written upon asbestus paper and inclosed in the metal at the time the coin was made. Thousands of five franc pieces are annually broken open and have been so inspected since the story of the check was first circulated.

Right of Way In New York.

Most people in New York think Uncle Sam's mail wagons are supreme. They are not. The hospital ambulance comes first. Life is more sacred than mail, and when the ambulance gong gongs clear the track. Next in importance is the fire engine. Property is more important than mail, and when the engine toots and the bells ring clear the way. Then the mail wagons, which have precedence over everything but the ambulance and fire engine. This is settled by city ordinance.—New York Press.

Two Witnesses.

In order to test a Chinese witness' qualification for taking the oath an English magistrate asked him the other day where he expected to go when he died. He replied, "Peking," and was disqualified.

One in another English court, a little girl, in answer to that question said, 'I don't know." The horrified counsel called the judge's attention to the answer. "Oh, I don't know, either," said the judge. "Swear the witness."

Sun Worshipers.

One of the best friends the tailor has is a spell of warm, bright sunshine. It shows up the shabby portions of dress and reveals its faded parts in unmistakable fashion, with the result that the wearers soon find their way to the tailor and order a fresh supply of up to date styles.—London Tailor and Cutter.

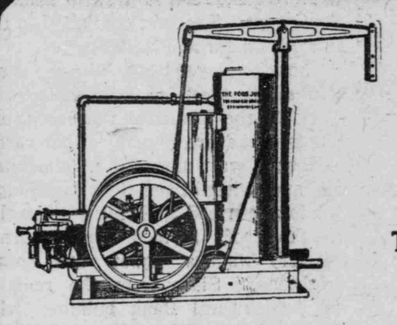
LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE TIME CARD

[In Effect April 15, 1906.]

Arrival and Departure of Trains At and From Paris.

ARRIVES AT PARIS FROM		DEPARTS FROM PARIS FOR	
Knoxville, Tenn	5:28 am	Cincinnati, O	5:35 am
Lexington, Ky	5:31 am	Maysville, Ky	6:25 am
*Cynthiana, Ky	7:40 am	Lexington, Ky	7:15 am
†Lexington, Ky	7:45 am	*Maysville, Ky	7:55 am
*Maysville, Ky	7:45 am	*Lexington, Ky	7:55 am
*Rowland, Ky	7:43 am	*Cincinnati, O	7:58 am
*Lexington, Ky	7:48 am	*Rowland, Ky	8:05 am
Lexington Ky	9:00 am	†Lexington, Ky	8:15 am
Cincinnati, O	10:18 am	Lexington, Ky	9:20 am
Maysville, Ky	11:00 am	Lexington, Ky	11:08 am
Lexington Ky	11:00 am	*Knoxville, Tenn	11:10 am
Lexington, Ky	11:37 am	Maysville, Ky	11:40 am
Cynthiana, Ky	12:55 am	Cynthiana, Ky	11:42 am
Lexington, Ky	1:50 pm	Lexington, Ky	12:00 am
Lexington, Ky	2:45 pm	Lexington, Ky	1:00 pm
*Maysville, Ky	3:20 pm	Lexington, Ky	2:00 pm
Lexington, Ky	3:25 pm	Lexington, Ky	3:35 pm
Knoxville, Tenn	3:28 pm	Cincinnati, O	3:40 pm
Lexington, Ky	4:55 pm	Lexington, Ky	5:05 pm
*Rowland, Ky	5:10 pm	*Lexington, Ky	5:40 pm
*Cincinnati, O	5:33 pm	*Rowland, Ky	5:42 pm
Maysville, Ky	5:35 pm	†Lexington, Ky	6:00 pm
†Lexington, Ky	5:50 pm	*Cynthiana, Ky	6:15 pm
*Lexington, Ky	6:10 pm	*Maysville, Ky	6:20 pm
Lexington, Ky	7:10 pm	Lexington, Ky	7:20 pm
Lexington, Ky	9:40 pm	Lexington, Ky	9:50 pm
Cincinnati, O	10:20 pm	Lexington, Ky	10:34 pm
Lexington, Ky	12:00 pm	Knoxville, Tenn	10:38 pm

NOTE—(*) daily except Sunday. (†) Sunday only. Without mark, daily



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The simplicity of this type is clearly shown by the above cut. Every detail has been carefully worked out, and the Engine particularly designed for small plants or ranch or farm work under conditions where the attention received is often limited.

Ingersoll on Napoleon.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus rare and nameless marble where rest at last the ashes of a restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shade of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the Eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by the million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an Empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of the former King. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kiss of the autumn sun I would rather be that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man than to have been Napoleon the Great.

The Michigan youth who has been left $50,000 on condition that he give up cigarettes for 25 years ought to be compelled to forswear chorus girls or an additional quarter of a century.

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Ar at Paris at	7.50 am and 3.25 pm
Lv Paris at	8.30 am and 5.42 pm
Ar at Geo'town	9.04 am and 6.25 pm
Ar at Frankfort	11.25 am and 7.20 pm

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An Atlanta man has been arrested for sitting on his front porch and hugging and kissing his own wife. They evidently wont stand for a novelty like that in Atlanta.

The New York Building department has granted a permit for a 42 story building. The top of it will do very nicely for a landing place for flying machines a few years from now.

France might help her present standing in the eyes of the world by passing a few sentences to Devils island around among those officers who were in the conspiracy to degrade Capt. Dreyfus.